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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, March 6.

A letter of Lord Curzon to the *Times* points out that although according to the recent reply of Mr. Morley, the opinions of Lord Elgin, Lord Cromer, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir David Barbour and Sir Edwin Collen upon Lord Kitchener's scheme are not produced because they are private letters to Mr. Brodrick; the report of the committee mentions them and therefore they ought to be produced.

The English journalist, Mr. Kennard, who was arrested in Russia, has been released.

A new law has been promulgated in Russia for largely extending the privileges of Roman Catholics.

A subscription is opened at Ottawa for relief of the famine in Japan.

The American Army and Navy Board has recommended putting in a state of defence Manila Bay, Pearl Harbour, Guam, Manila, Honolulu and both entrances to the Panama Canal. It is estimated that the cost will be fifty million dollars. President Roosevelt in a message to Congress, says that the insular possessions should not be neglected if it is desired to hold them.

An Official despatch, published in Paris, says that though 327 houses were destroyed at Papeete by the tornado in the Society Islands only one life was lost.

London, March 7.

In bringing forward the Navy Estimates Mr. Robertson said only three cruisers would be laid down this year instead of the four proposed in last year's programme.

A meeting has been held of the Unionist Free Trade Club at which 350 attended. The Duke of Devonshire who presided said he considered Mr. Balfour substantially agreed with Mr. Chamberlain and therefore he must be opposed by the Club. A resolution stating their re-adherence to Free Trade was passed.

A Congress of Armenians and Tartars opened at Tiflis presided over by the Viceroy to consider means of stopping inter-racial fighting.

In the Washington Senate Mr. Hale opposed concentration of troops in the Philippines which he described as equivalent to a declaration of war on China.

The preliminary rites of Princess Ena's conversion were performed at San Sebastian yesterday. The Pope sent the Princess rich presents and an autograph letter.

The conversion of Princess Ena took place this morning in the chapel of Miramar Palace at San Sebastian in the presence of the Spanish Royal Family and the Premier. Bishop Brindle received the abjuration. Queen Christine is godmother and Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria godfather. King Edward was not present.

London, March 8.

A debate took place in the French Chamber last night on the manner in which church inventories had been carried out in France, and the Government was defeated by 267 votes against 234. The Cabinet therefore resigned.

Feeling at Algeiras is more conciliatory. It is believed there

that Germany is disposed to accept the Franco-Spanish policing scheme.

The conversion ceremony, which was conducted in English, was most moving. Princess Henry of Battenberg was not present.

San Sebastian was *en fete* last night, decorated and illuminated, besides having a display of fireworks.

Princess Ena takes the name of Victoria.

The Toronto Sunday School Association has made a stirring appeal for subscriptions to the Japanese famine fund.

The main points of Mr. Haldane's exposition of his policy are generally applauded as showing a businesslike grasp and a desire for reflection before reforming.

London, March 9.

The latest from Algeiras states that the Austrian delegate submitted a scheme for Franco-Spanish policing with a Swiss or Dutch Inspector-General.

Herr Radowicz accepted Franco-Spanish policing if under international surveillance, and said that Macedonia and China proved the advantages of joint European control.

M. Revoll said that France was prepared to give fresh guarantees for commercial equality if the conference agreed to Franco-Spanish policing.

It is believed that the Austrian proposal is inspired by Germany.

Advices from Manila state that after three day's fighting the American troops and a naval force assisted by the Philippine constabulary exterminated six hundred outlaws holding a steep fortified mountain near Jolo. All the outlaws were killed.

The Americans raised their artillery three hundred feet by block tackle.

The Americans lost 18 killed and 52 wounded.

At the opening of the Italian Chamber yesterday Baron Sonnino announced numerous measure for the improvement of the southern provinces, including the purchase of railways and the reduction of the land tax with the view to preventing emigration.

General Sir Francis Wingate has opened the Karima Abu Hamed railway which opens Dongola province to the Red Sea.

London, March 10.

A terrible explosion of firedamp has taken place at the Courrieres coal mine near Lille. Some 1,800 men were in the mine at the time. Some were rescued, but it is feared that the loss of life is enormous.

London, March 11.

The catastrophe at the mine at Courrieres is unparalleled in the whole history of mining disasters. Some 1,219 miners are known to have been killed.

A crowd of 25,000 struggled at the pit's head endeavouring to learn the fate of their breadwinners.

It appears that the fire had been smouldering for days in the lower level workings and broke out furiously yesterday morning seven hundred feet below the surface, resulting in explosions.

Rescue work at Courrieres is most difficult and most dangerous. Galleries are caving in full of poisonous gases. Hundreds of bodies have been recovered.

Subscriptions for the sufferers are coming in freely. The Chamber will be asked to vote half a million francs.

London, March 10.

The Conference at Algeiras has reached a compromise on the state bank question.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A sermon preached in the Ludhiana Church on Sunday March. 11th, called the attention of Indian young men to a very important matter. In expounding the text "Seek the things that are above," the speaker showed how necessary it is for us to make everything in our lives contribute to this search, and among others the books we read. Without pausing to dilate on the well-known fact that there are books in this land, just as in other lands, which should not be read, the Editor wishes to emphasize as strongly as he can the need for cultivating the habit of reading, and reading widely. Books are food. An American poet, Emily Dickinson, has expressed the thought in the following lines:—

"He ate and drank the precious words
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!"

There is nothing that perplexes a thoughtful observer of Indian life so much as the inability of the present educational system to produce any real hunger for learning. Every year thousands of students are passing out of schools and colleges, F. As., B. As., and M. As, to say nothing of the "Entrance Passes," and the natural thing to look for would be a host of little libraries springing up all over the land. Is this the case? So far from it, it is the rare exception to find one who values books highly enough to purchase even two or three standard works in a year. What is the cause? It cannot be altogether an unfamiliarity with the language in which most of the books available in this country are printed; for B. As. and M. As at least know English well enough to be able to get at the meaning of ordinary books without too much labour, and grubbing in dictionaries. No, the cause must be something different from this, and we should be very grateful for any light upon the matter. Probably a certain amount of distaste is bred in the mind through the "cramming" which is necessary in order to pass the examinations; but this, after all, must be a secondary and not a primary cause. We fear that the great reason is the essentially materialistic way in which all education has come to be regarded. Books and their priceless contents are not looked upon as an end in themselves, but only as stepping stones to some position or other in the great social-political life of this country. And the chief corrective

of this will be a growth of the reading habit, especially of books that have nothing whatever to do with the courses prescribed in any Code. The editor has known of drawing-students who took a life-long dislike to certain masterpieces of pictorial art, though having to copy them at a time when their fingers stubbornly refused to produce anything approximating to beauty of outline. Other pictures which they had not had to study in this laborious fashion retained forever their power to charm. So let the editor give a piece of advice to any who have become weary of Wordsworth and Shakespeare through the many hours of toil expended upon them in the class room. My friends, drop these books, put them away in some dark corner, and do not look at them for years to come; and then, take up something which has never been mentioned in your courses of study, something simple, by preference—and read it—not study it—trying to let the author talk to you as he has talked to hundreds of others, and made them his life-long friends thereby. Oh there are thousands of wise men and women eager to gain your ear and your confidence. Young men of India listen to them. And—one more thing—don't be satisfied with borrowing books, make up your mind to buy at least one valuable work in the year. You will find that soon your library will be the most precious possession you have. In the center will be your Bible, that "heritage" of which the Psalmist talks; and all around it will be grouped the sages of all times and all lands. You will be cosmopolitan in thought, and a better citizen of India, your own special Godgiven land, on this account.

NOTICE.

All subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the current year will kindly observe that, unless they write to inform the Manager to the contrary, he will take it for granted that they desire him to follow the usual plan of this paper and send them their copies on the last Friday of this month, March 30th, per V. P. P.

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and its affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

It is better to make mistakes than to be idle and inactive and view all things from a pessimistic standpoint.

A PEARL THAT PASSED IN ANOTHER WORLD.

The rich man was dead.

The spacious house was draped in mourning. Servants glided softly through the silent chambers. The undertaker had finished his work with the body and it lay in a rich casket in the reception room. Masses of flowers were banked around it. The costly rugs, the rare tapestries, the curious furniture that had been gathered from all parts of the world seemed to say farewell to the master spirit that had collected them for his pleasure.

Upstairs the widow and the two daughters were busy with the dressmaker, earnestly discussing the everliving question, Would madam wear this or that? This would look well on mademoiselle. That? No, that was no longer in vogue. Yes, the things would certainly be all ready in time; madam need give herself no uneasiness.

In the library the son was closeted with the attorney. Piles of papers lay upon the table. One by one the items were carefully checked off. Two hours, three hours they worked painstakingly. Then they reviewed it all. Over three millions would remain after discharging all indebtedness. The son rang for whiskey and seltzer. Then the two lighted cigars and discussed minor details.

In the servants' quarters a lively discussion raged as to the various legacies. Each estimated his chances of receiving a substantial remembrance. The air was full of expectancy, of that gratitude which is a "lively sense of favors yet to come."

A servant brought a card to the son.

"Who is this man?" said the latter. "Samuel Burnett? I don't know him. Tell him my father is dead and I cannot see anyone."

"Beg pardon, sir. I did. But he says he's an old friend of your father's, sir—knew him some twenty years ago, he says—and only wants to come in and look at his face, as he would probably not be able to see it the day of the funeral, sir. That's what he says, sir."

"Well"—a moment's hesitation—"let him in, Tibbets; but stay right with him and watch him. He may be a thief or some sort of a crank."

"Yes, sir."

The servant led the stranger into the room of the dead. The visitor was an old man, evidently about the

age of the deceased. He had the appearance of a well-to-do business man. He approached the coffin. He leaned over and gazed long at the still, white face. He muttered:

"Poor old chap! Is it really you, Bill, old fellow? Twenty years since I saw you! I've come back all the way from South America to see you, and find you just gone! You were good to me. You didn't put me in the penitentiary, where I belonged. You were kind to me—and forgave me—and put a hundred-dollar bill into my hand and said, 'Here, Sam, take this and go to a new country and begin life over again.' Oh, Bill, I wish to God I could pay you back that loan!"

And one tear fell from the living man's eyes and melted into the dead man's hand.

When the dead awoke he was in a strange country. He was very poor and wretched. The great ones passed by and never so much as glanced at him. He was one of the multitude of the miserable. He remembered how often he had ridden in his carriage and regarded the crowd of common people listlessly. And now, in this land, he was one of the many poor.

What could he do? Money? He had left all his money when he crept through the narrow door of death. And besides, here people did not work for money. There were other prizes—honor, truth, purity, and something called glory that shone in the faces of the great ones.

And then something of the old, dogged determination that had made him a success on earth aroused in him:

"I will have these things," he said. "I will not be one of the common run. I will work my way up."

He was in a great city. He sat down upon the curbstone and thought, while the city life flowed by.

What could he do? All his earthly training was of no use to him. He had spent his whole life in becoming expert in things that were not worth while. And now he was a mere cipher, penniless, negligible.

Oh, if he only had a little something of this country to begin with!

An angel stopped by him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Why do you sit here?"

"Because I don't know what to do."

"You are a newcomer?"

"Yes."



"Then get to work. Invest what you have brought with you, and with diligence you may become great."

"But, friend, that's the trouble. All I have laid up on earth is no good. I had to leave it. And, besides, it would have done me no service, I see now, if I had brought it."

"True! But have you nothing—no real riches?"

"Not a cent."

"What is that in your hand?"

The ex-rich man opened his hand and saw therein a pearl.

"Now, where did that thing come from?" he asked. "Is it any good?"

The angel smiled a peculiar smile and answered:

"It is the only kind of thing that is any good here. You are fortunate to have it. Come with me and I will show you how to invest it."

The ex-millionaire arose. He held up the pearl and gazed at it. Its light flashed into his soul.

"To think that this is all I had and I did not know I had it."

The pearl was the tear that had fallen on his dead hands.—Rev. Frank Crane, D. D., in the *Advance*.

THE TELEPHONE IN THE ALPS.

The telephone has robbed Alpine heights of some of their terrors. Two alpestrians lately lost their way on the great St. Bernard mountain. Wandering for hours in a fierce snowstorm they at last reach one of the newly-built shelters erected by the monks. There they found not only food and a lamp, but also a telephone connected with the hospice. They called up the monks; and soon one of the brothers appeared, accompanied by two St. Bernard dogs, and conducted the men to the hospice, where they received the proper care. Many huts with telephones have been built in exposed places, and a number of lives have thus been saved.—*The Technical World*.

REMEMBERING THE OLD HOME.

Foreigners who have come to America remember their home folk at Christmas time. The great ocean liners are loaded with Christmas packages. The steamer *Cedric*, which went to Europe the week before Christmas, was a visible Santa Claus, whose gifts will be poured into thousands of needy homes. She carried 51,230 registered packages, nine-tenths of which were Christmas presents. Also 3,075 sacks of first-class mail, in which no doubt there were tens of thousands of dollars in money orders.

FAITH FOR A SIXPENCE.

I was walking along the streets of London one cold and wet night with a despondent friend, trying to cheer him, and longing to see a spark of hope kindled in his heart. In our walk we arrived at Victoria Station. While talking together a little child stepped forward and said, "Any lights, sir?"

"No, Topsy," I replied, "I don't want any; I don't smoke."

"Oh, but please, sir, do buy a box!" she persisted, in a pleading tone.

"No, no; run away, Topsy," I continued; "I have no use for lights."

But still she persisted. At last, seeing her earnestness, I asked her what she did all day, and at what time she was going home, for it was then past 10 o'clock.

"Oh," she replied, "I go to school in the day, and after 4 o'clock I come out here."

"But why do not your father and mother take care of you?"

"Father has run away, and mother is ill in bed."

"And what do you come out here for?"

"I come and stay here till I have taken sixpence."

"But you don't always take sixpence, do you?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"But you won't get sixpence tonight."

"Yes, I shall, sir."

"Well, how much have you now?"

She seemed inclined not to let me know, but I said, "Come, Topsy, you must tell me all about it." So, half afraid, she drew some coppers from a pocket in her cotton dress, and counted out threepence halfpenny.

"Well now, you will never get sixpence tonight," I said.

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered. "I shall. I always take home sixpence?"

"Now, Topsy, tell me what makes you so sure of getting sixpence?"

For some time she would not answer but after a little pressing she said: "Because, before I come out, I kneel down by mother's bed and say the Lord's Prayer, and mother says our Father will help me to get sixpence; and he always does."

"Oh, but I thought you said your father had run away?"

"Don't you know, sir," she simply asked, "that we have a Father in heaven?"

"Yes; but you don't mean to say he hears you about a sixpence?"

"Yes, he does, sir; and he will send me sixpence."

"Well, if I were to give you twopence halfpenny, what would you do?"

"Why, sir, I should run home to mother, because my Father had given me all I asked for."

It was needless to say that the twopence halfpenny was produced, and suitably acknowledged by the little one, who merrily tripped home. I turned to my friend, who all this time had stood by without saying a word; our glances met, and my only remark was, "There, H—, you have got your lesson." We forthwith separated—I to my bachelor chambers, he to be led into hope and righteousness by the faith of a little child.—John Shrimpton, in *The Christian*.

THE RATIONALE OF REVIVALS.

An important paper in the *Contemporary Review* is Dr. Lindsay's study of "Revivals—Ancient and Modern." He affirms that the history of Christianity is the history of its revivals. The Church of Christ was born in a time of revival, and from revival to revival seems to be the law of its growth. This is not the peculiarity of a people or a period, but the hall-mark on all. Among the many suggestive passages in this searching paper the following is specially interesting and beautiful, as an explanation of the sanity that underlies all the times of religious upheaval:—

If one asks why it is there is this abiding sense of calm amid so much of what might be expected to lead to scenes of disorder, and to unseemly exhibitions of the most unrestrained emotional excitement, why the desperate, passionate prayers, the surging inward emotion finding vent in quite weeping, in breast heaving with sobs which cannot be repressed, in throats choking with emotion which prevents articulate speech, do not burst all bounds and degenerate into wild, hysterical excitement (which they ought to do by all the rules of ordinary psychology)—he will get the answer now in Wales which St. Paul would have given him in Cornith, or Francis in Italy, or Tauler in the Rhineland, or Wesley in England: that this quivering, throbbing, singing, praying crowd knows and feels the immediate presence and power of a great unseen reality—the Holy Spirit, impalpable, invisible, inaudible, and yet recognized by every fibre of the soul. The presence of the Master, promised to his disciples, is with his worshippers, is manifested in the "gifts" of the Spirit, and is revealed in the calm, exultant expectancy which subdues all undue excitement.

—o:—

If your can is small, fill it to the brim. Make the most of your opportunities, of honest work and pure pleasure.

RULES FOR THE SICK ROOM.

Never allow a patient to take the temperature himself. Many patients are more knowing than nurses where there is a question of temperature.

Never put a hot water bottle next to the skin. Its efficiency and the patient's safety are both enhanced by surrounding the bottle with flannel.

Never allow a patient to be awakened out of his first sleep.

Never imagine that a patient who sleeps during the day will not sleep during the night. The more he sleeps, the better he will be able to sleep.

Never hurry or bustle.

Never stand and fidget when a sick person is talking to you. Sit down.

Never sit where your patient cannot see you.

Never require a patient to repeat a message or a request. Attend at once.

Never judge the condition of your patient from his appearance during the conversation. See how he looks an hour afterward.

Never read a story to children if you can tell it.

Never read fast to a sick person. The way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly.

Never confine a patient to one room if you can obtain the use of two.

Sick people are killed by kindness when they are treated to indigestible dainties. Some people don't know any better than to send such a repast to the sick. Better fast and give nature a chance to help herself back to health.

—Word and Work.

THE BLOSSOM.

Only a little shriveled seed—

It might be flower or grass or weed!

Only a box of earth on the edge

Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;

Only a few scant summer showers,

Only a few clear, shining hours—

That was all. Yet God could make

Out of these, for a sick child's sake,

A blossom wonder as fair and sweet

As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,

Wet with sorrowful tears of rain;

Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam

Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.

A life as common and brown and bare

As the box of earth in the window there;

Yet it bore at last the precious bloom

Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—

Pure as the snowy leaves that fold

Over the flower's heart of gold.

Henry van Dyke.



GOD'S GUIDING STAR.

By Lewis V. Price.

As the centuries come and go,
God works his righteous will,
And guides his people here below
His purpose to fulfill.

As the appointed time draws near
For righting some great wrong,
He bids a guiding star appear,
And angels sing their song.

'Tis then that some great soul has birth,
Infolding pow'r and plan,
To make the rulers of the earth
Regard the rights of man.

A Captain Great in ancient days
Appears at God's command,
And Jacob's children, Pharaoh's slaves,
March to the "Promised Land."

In after years, an angel band
Announce in song the birth
Of a greater Captain to command
The ransomed hosts of earth.

The Angel's song now others sing
As now they march along ;
From vale and hill the echoes ring
With that immortal song.

Let "Peace on earth, good with toward men,"
From grateful hearts resound,
Till love and peace in hill and glen,
In all the world abound.

BRILLIANTS.

How poor are they that have not patience;
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

—Shakespeare.

Of all that man can teach us,
Ther's naught so true as this,
The winds of fate blow always,
But never blow amiss.

—Anon.

Rise ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone ;
A place in the ranks await you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern Today.

—Adelaide Procter.

During a naval battle an English vessel was swept by shot and shell. When Captain Haldane brought up the reserves to take the places of the slain, they were seized with a panic, and he cursed them. An old Scotch marine saluted him and said quietly, "I believe that God answers prayers, and if your prayer had been answered where would we be ?" After the battle the captain thought of the faithfulness of the marine who had been slain during the conflict, and was converted. He became a preacher in Edinburgh, and through his influence, Robert Haldane whose voice shook Geneva, as he proclaimed the gospel, was led to Christ. All through the testimony of that old Scotch marine.

MOTTOES

Christ does not ask extraordinary preparations in the way of a welcome. Those who are found quietly doing the day's simple duties are best prepared for his coming.

Your "few things" may be very few and very small things, but He expects you to be faithful over them.

—Frances Ridely Havergal.

'Tis better for us to remain where we are
In the lowly valley of duty and care
Than lonely to stray to the heights above,
Where there's nothing to do and nothing to love
—Coleridge.

I think not of tomorrow,
Its trial or its task,
But still with childlike spirit
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning
I cast old things away ;
Life's journey lies before me—
My prayer is for today.

—:o:—

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